

Valian Mercenaries

Story: Valian Mercenaries

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Summary: Its about mercenaries and pirates on a journey to get money! arrr

***Chapter 1*: Valian Mercenaries**

Valian Mercenaries Chapter One

It was a warm, sunny day in the summer of some year, and the Valian economy was doing very poorly. That year's harvest was horrible, since much of the population tried to grow cotton, when there was no market for cotton. Also, the sheep and cattle were dying due to the lack of grass. A severe drought had also hit the area. Isaac del Sol walked out of his house and starred at the sky, for there wasn't a cloud in the sky. He headed out to the fields, his sickle over his shoulder, ready to cut some grain. He was one of the very few people who decided to grow wheat that year. Many had followed the cotton fad that had ended years before.

Before he entered the fields, there was a small building which was for bulletins only. There was a small huddle of people around it, since some days the bulletins were about work. Work was a very hard to find now that the economy was doing so poorly and that nothing had grown. Isaac peered at the sign, and his heart skipped a beat. There was a sign requesting mercenaries for an adventure to gain something really special. It did not list what the gain of the adventure would be, but Isaac immediately tore paper free of the board and ran home.

Many angry people tried to follow him, but were weak from the drought. He rushed into the house and found his wife, Mia, who was milking the cow. She turned when she heard him run into the barn and looked at the paper he was carrying.

'Guess what?'

'What,' Mia responded.

'There's work for us. Not farming, but fighting.'

'Isaac, I don't know how to fight, how many times have I told you this?'

'I don't know, Mia. But if you just give it a try, perhaps you will become as good as I am. As strong as I am.'

'Isaac, you gained weight. Look down.' He looked at his belly, which was hanging over his belt.

'Where did all this come from?'

'The pie? The ones you kept buying, over and over?'

'Oh. Those pies.' Mia stopped.

'Well, what does the paper say?'

'Well, this man named Kishawneh. Funny name, Kishawneh. But whatever, he wants "mercenaries" for a journey he was going to make. The daily wage is 5 bucks! I mean, that is some serious money! Can we go? Can we? Can we?'

'I don't know Isaac, where is it?'

'Xian.'

'Xian! That's like over there!' She pointed randomly.

Mia... we have to get this money, else we'll starve!!!!'

'Fine, pack your bags. And fetch the crew!'